

The Bloomfield Record.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS, GENERAL NEWS, AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

S. M. HULLIN, Editor and Proprietor

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The Bloomfield Record.

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The Press on the Tidal Wave.

Boston Post.—Bottled again and for good. Jamestown Democrat.—"The Time was for Arrows, has Arrived!"

Winsted Herald.—The whole country has gone to the dogs.

Boston News.—Let the band play something kind of mournful like.

Providence Press.—They broke Butler's bottle, yesterday, and let him out.

N. Y. Tribune.—Was it the third term, or the second? Or a little of both?

Providence Press.—Ayer's pills possess great virtue; they purged the district.

Berkshire Co. Eagle.—The Democrats feel just as we did in 1872. Isn't it nice.

Boston Post.—Mr. Hays of Alabama was re-elected.—Another southern outrage.

N. Y. Mail.—Many one dares to mention "Third Term," "shoot him on the spot."

Worcester Press.—Butler hasn't yet made up his mind what foreign mission he will take.

Worcester Gazette.—People are going hereafter to vote as they like, and not as they are told.

Boston News.—We have a first-class roster for sale cheap. Reason for selling is want of use.

N. Y. Mail.—The Democratic rank and file already begin to whisper loudly "Let us have a piece."

Worcester Press.—Have the Republicans such a thing as an "old-fashioned majority" about them?

N. Y. Com. Adv.—"For all sad words, by tongue or pen, the saddest are these, 'We shall have Ben.'"

Boston News.—It was quite a shower Tuesday. We went out under the umbrella of the Democrats, and now wish we hadn't.

Springfield Republican.—The pitcher that goes often to the fountain gets broken at last. Eh, General Butler?

Boston Globe.—That Republican who is not willing to let the Democrats have a victory, now and then, is rather a selfish individual.

Boston Advertiser.—The bulletin of the Republicans, this Fall, might properly be, "We've met the enemy and gone along with them."

N. Y. Sun.—Grant, speaking of a Third Term, said he put himself in the hands of the people. Well, the people have handled him rather roughly.

Providence Press.—Will the Hub please send us a handkerchief marked "Bay State"? The size of a shawl will do. Tears will come like a rainfall.

St. Louis Journal.—Candidates are gradually arriving at the sad conclusion that only every other one of them can extract much fun out of the election.

N. Y. Herald.—We wonder if the President, when he issued his proclamation, thought the Thanksgiving turkey would turn out to be a Democratic rooster.

Norristown Herald.—What surprises us is, that the Republicans in New York and other States didn't hold an election, too, on Tuesday, as well as the Democrats!

N. Y. Times.—The gentlemen who have had the Republican party in charge during the past two years will be obliged to admit, to-day, that they have nearly strangled it.

"Christ Leaving the Prætorium."

Colonel Forney writes from London: The wonderful picture called 'Christ Leaving the Prætorium' is still the main attraction at the 'Dore Gallery,' New Bond Street. To have seen it once is to come again and again. Much discussed and freely criticised, the verdict of the judges leaves it over-weighted with praise. The size of the canvas is thirty by twenty feet, and the scene is filled out with brilliant and audacious originality. The picture itself was begun in 1867, but was delayed during the siege of Paris, when Dore's studio was in danger from the shells of the enemy, and his great work had to be rolled up and buried in a metal cylinder to save it from ruin. Over three years were given to it by the great master.

Many of the figures are larger than life. The Saviour is walking down the steep stairs leading from the hall called the Prætorium to Golgotha. The scene is the open air. Christ, though in the midst of a mob, surrounded by Roman architecture, guarded by Roman soldiers in helmets and leathern armor, nevertheless seems alone in his incomparable majesty. The adjacent buildings were reared by Herod the Great—the time chosen is the military occupation of the Roman Procurator of Judea. At a distance is the fortress-crowned hill—the foreground is dark with the angry populace, through which the Roman guard is slowly cleaving a path to let the Saviour pass to Calvary.

The difficulty of an ideal Christ is felt by all artists and readers. There is such an immortal harmony among men as to His existence that, however they differ on doctrine and text, they agree that there has yet been no complete conception of a visible Christ. Art has exhausted itself in the effort. For nearly nineteen centuries we have been taught to regard Him as angelic mind, always as radiant as if the star that led the Magi to His cradle shone forever over His head. In the Holy Family there is a variance. Joseph and the other actors, even centurions and the Marys, have been represented by other persons. Rubens, for instance, painted his relatives and friends into some of his finest works of the Crucifixion. But the Christ was, I believe, always ideal; not the same in any one, but the same in spiritual grandeur and sorrow.

Dore has given Him an infinite sweetness and dignity. He moves as if in sacred self-communion. The thorny crown and the spot of blood on the seamless robe, and the halo or nimbus, mark Him out as the central figure, and the press of men and women around, before, and behind him are held by the Roman soldier till they are crushed back, as we often see crowds retiring reluctantly before an armed guard. The warrior, a half-tamed Goth, directly in front of Christ, is a superb creation of stolid, savage indifference to emotion.

The three Marys at the foot of the great stair are a surpassingly touching group. One has fainted and another casts herself on the ground. The Virgin Mother gazes at her son with unspeakable solicitude, and Mary Magdalene, who cannot bear the sight of His sufferings, is in danger of being trampled under foot by the military. The cross-bearers are evidently among the worst of His foes, from their malignant expression. In the background are Pontius Pilate and Herod making friends together, according to the Scripture account. Calaphas and Annas on the right of the steps, immediately above the Saviour, dark and bitter in their scowls, are most effective. The costumes of the priests and rulers, crimson, green, and golden, are in fine contrast with the white robe of the Christ, while the dense crowd in the distance, filling hill and valley, on the towers and balconies of the towering temples, expands the picture into a wide landscape, with all the historic features of the solemn tragedy.

You gradually separate the figures, and by this process and a brief study of the atmosphere and the soil you gather how much anxiety and time Dore gave to the work. There is a storm in the sky, and the wind is tossing the garments of the spectators, while the clouds are drifting rapidly. One girl in her eagerness to witness the passing Saviour from one of the marble blocks, almost loses her balance, while the wind disperses her dress, and she catches for the nearest support. As Christ moves down and on the concourse of spectators close behind Him, and you see Judas cowering as to avoid the gaze of his angust victim."

FORCING HIM TO IT.—A young man in Prince Edward county, Canada, who was engaged to a young lady, deserted her and entered into a matrimonial engagement with another lady. The "big brothers" of the discarded maiden visited the offender, and made it optional with him either to marry her or stand the physical punishment they were prepared to mete out to him. Hastily considering the subject he chose matrimony. They locked him up as a prisoner while they went for a license, but finding it necessary that, by the new act, the bridegroom must himself make application for it, they returned to the prisoner, marched him to the issuer of the aforesaid document, and, under their influence, he went through the performance with the utmost grace and humility. The attendance of a clergyman was next procured, and the twin made one flesh, without murmur or word of complaint from what is usually termed the "happy man." The next day his father, on being apprised of the occurrence, became fearfully indignant, and went in pursuit of advice from a limb of the law; but the marriage is perfectly legal.

GRANDPA'S SOLILOQUY.

It wasn't so when I was young.
We used plain language then;
We didn't speak of "thoughts and feelings,"
When meaning boys or men.
When speaking of the nice hand-write
Of Joe, or Tom, or Bill,
We did it plain—we didn't say,
"He swings a nasty quill."
And when we said a gal we liked,
Who never failed to please,
We called her pretty, neat and good,
But not "about the cheeks."
Well, when we met a good old friend
We hadn't lately seen,
We greeted him—but didn't say,
"Hallo, you old sardine."
The boys got mad sometimes, and fit;
We spoke of kicks and blows;
But now they "whack him in the snoot,"
And "paste him on the nose."
Once, when a youth was turned away
From her he loved most dear,
He walked off on his feet—but now
He "crawls off on his car."
We used to dance, when I was young,
And used to call it so;
But now they don't—they only "swing
The light fantastic toe."
Of death we speak in language plain,
That no one will perplex;
In those days one doesn't die—
He passes to his "cheeks."
We praised the man of common sense;
His judgment's good, we said;
But now they say, "Well, that old plum
Has got a level head."
It's rather sad the children now
Are learning all such talk;
They've learned to "chin," instead of chat,
And "waive," instead of walk.
To little Harry, yesterday—
My grandchild, aged two—
I said, "You love grandpa I do,"
"You bet your boots I do."
The children bowed to strangers, once;
It is no longer so.
The little girls, as well as boys,
Now greet you with "Hello!"
O, give me back the good old days
When both the old and young
Conversed in plain, old-fashioned words,
And slang was never "sung."

Gossip.

—Arguments out of a pretty mouth are unanswerable.
—You must wear quilted petticoats if you would be fashionable.
—The young lady's of Michigan sing, "Mother, may I go out to vote?"
—The apple Eve longed for and ate at last, must have been a pine-apple.
—The average number of hair pins worn by Baltimore belles is seventy-six.
—A single woman has generally a single purpose, and we all know what that is.
—Why is the bridegroom more expensive than the bride? Because the bride is always given away, while the bridegroom is usually sold.
—A lady in a menagerie being asked why she so closely scanned the elephant with her opera glass, replied that she was "looking for the key-hole of his trunk."
—The matrimonial market has picked up so fast since September that one New Hampshire clergyman has laid in three barrels of beans, a barrel of cider and three barrels of calico.
—"Is that your offspring, madam?" asked a Missouri judge of a woman who had head of a stud-nosed boy's head. "No, sir," she replied, "this is my oldest boy."
—Without any desire to brag, the Detroit Free Press points to a Michigan sunflower nineteen feet high, and respectfully inquires after the health of the other sunflowers around the country.
—The average female is just now crazy over hats. If she hasn't got a soft felt, with a rakish crown and a tishish-looking brim, she is crazy to get one, and if she has got one she is mad because she didn't get the other pattern.
—We shall hail the day of female suffrage, for then the monotony of seeing a roster at the head of every victorious newspaper will be relieved by the occasional interspersing of a hen.
—A young lady who is posted, says there is no woman living who could interest her with a lecture on "Kissas." She says that she can get more satisfaction from the lips of a young man on a moonlight night than a woman could tell in a thousand years.
—A gentleman can stand and hear a couple of ladies discuss the fashions for one or four hours at a time, but if he taries much longer than that, he gets galled and exclaims basques most horridly mixed up with shell jobs on watten folds, and begins to feel that if he doesn't get into the fresh air pretty soon he'll die.
—At a recent wedding, according to a report, "the jellies upon the bridal supper tables were pure amber masses of quivering translucence, catching the wine-colored prism of perfume, light, and holding them in tremulous mirrors of rosy beauty." That's enough to send a man off to propose to the ugliest woman he knows, on the bare chance of having such things as that for supper.—Boston Globe.

INTERVIEWED BY WANTS UP A TREE.—A gentleman of Hartford, Conn., the other day obtained access to a tree for the purpose of fastening a rope at some distance from the ground, with which to form a connection with an upper window of his house, the objective point being a clothes line. The tree standing on a neighbor's land, permission was obtained to occupy it. In order to have no serious obstacle to climbing, the gentleman stripped down to pants and shirt and "harnessed" the tree bareheaded. He made a successful ascent to an elevation of twenty feet at least, and was about to tie a sailor's knot when a wasp interviewed him. He dismissed the rope for a second and brushed the wasp away, and turned his attention to the rope again. More wasps arrived suddenly, and several of them stood upon his head, which is slightly bald, and he dropped the rope, which was not yet tied. By this time there were 1,979 wasps holding a convention about his person. He thought he would adjourn, and did, hurriedly, fairly sliding down the tree and leaving patches of his trousers along at intervals to show that he had been there. Some of the wasps came down, too, but most of them remained around the rope apparently wondering what it was for. There are times when it is pleasant to be a wasp than a man—"up a tree."

Turning Points in Physical Life.

From 25 to 36 is the true time for all the enjoyment of a man's best powers, when physical vigor is ever at its highest. During the last half of this decade a man should be assiduous to construct a system of philosophy by which to rule his life, and to construct a chain of habits intelligently; so that they should not sit too tightly upon him, and yet cautiously, so that he should neither be their slave or too easily cast them aside. The exact proportion of physical and intellectual strength should be gauged, and the constitutional weakness, or, in other words, the disease toward which a tendency exists, should be ascertained. Preserve, if possible, the absolute necessity for exercise, and have your place of business two or three miles away, over which let nothing tempt you to an omnibus or carriage save rain. The day on which a medical man gives up riding to see his country patients, or the use of his own legs to see his patients in town, and takes to a close brougham, fixes the date when sedentary diseases are set up—while if, to utilize his leisure, he reads as he drives, his eyesight becomes seriously effected. From 35 to 45 a man should arrange with his food and avoid hypochondria. He cannot, it is true, change his diathesis, but he can manage it. The habitual character of food, no less than its quantity, begins to tell whether it charges the system with fat, muscle, sinew, fiber or watery particles. From 45 to 54 the recuperative powers should be encouraged and developed.

There is nothing like work to keep an old horse sound. Sporting dogs should be thin, but obesity will set in. Anxiety ought to be staved off, hope encouraged, sordid cares avoided. If a grief exists it should not be brooded over, but talked out with a friend, gauged, estimated at its worst and dismissed to absorb itself. If a man at this time is much occupied outdoors, and lives wholesomely and temperately, he is pretty sure to be clear of sedentary diseases. Rheumatism, coughs and inflammatory diseases, arising from exposure to wet or cold, a man of 45 will have to contend with, but his blood will be in a condition for the struggle. Moderate exposure to hardships of this kind never harmed man yet.

An Editor Over-board.

The local editor of a New Haven paper has posted over his desk, as a cautionary signal, the following:

OH! HAVE IT PUBLISHED IN A PAMPHLET.
WRITE IT DOWN AND WE'LL READ IT NEXT SUNDAY.
OH! GO HIRE A HALL, AND TELL US ALL ABOUT IT.
CUT IT SHORT, OR WE'LL HAVE TO GET OUT TWO EDITIONS.
THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT: THOU SHALT NOT BUZZ.

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LEAVE BLOOMFIELD for New York at 6:10, 7:42 and 8:59, A. M.; 2:47, 4:00 and 5:54, P. M.
LEAVE NEW YORK for Bloomfield, Montclair and other stations at 12:00, 1:30, 3:30, 4:30, 5:30 and 6:30, P. M.
N. B.—The train due at New York at 3:30, A. M. runs independently of the New Jersey Midland.
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